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LION KING

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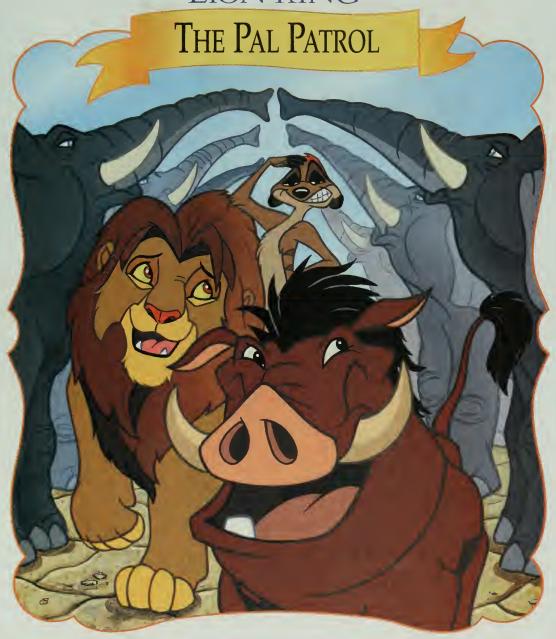
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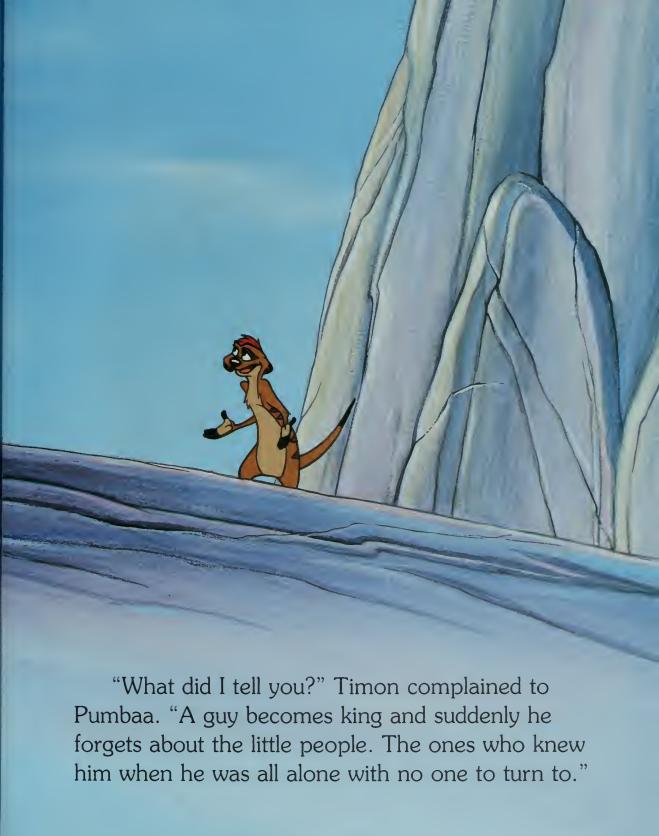
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Timon and Pumbaa waited . . . and waited . . . and waited . . . and waited. They were supposed to meet Simba at Pride Rock over an hour ago, and he still wasn't there.

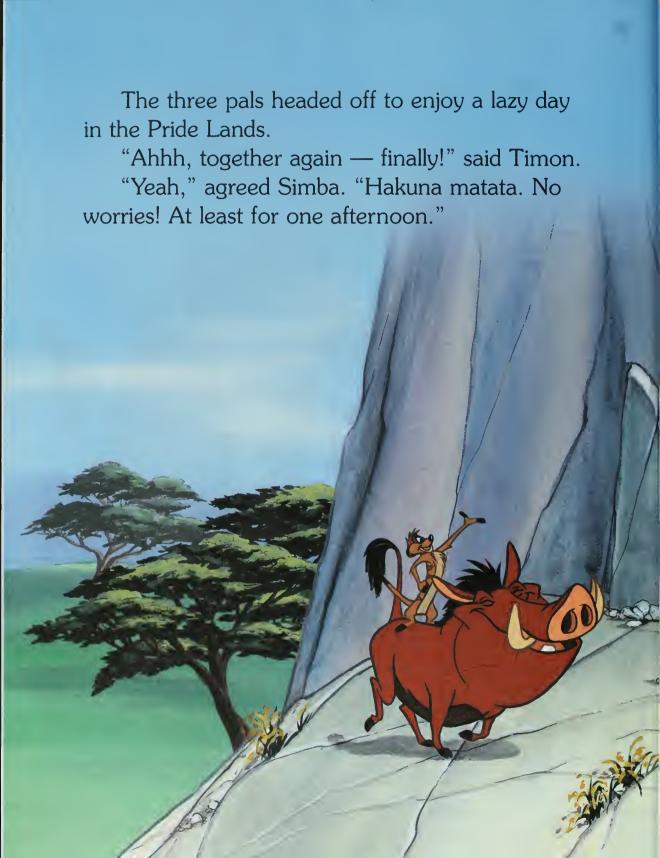


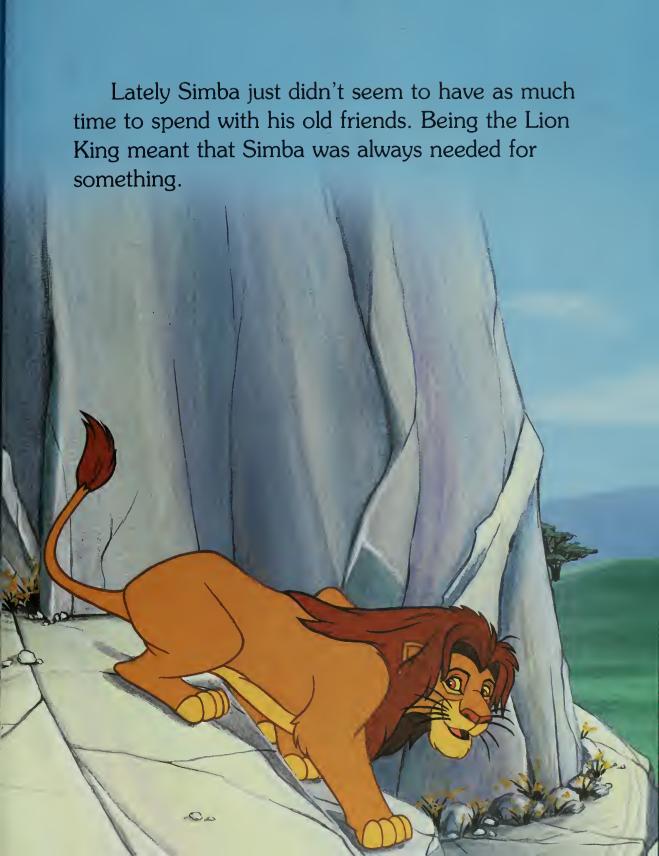


"I heard that!" called Simba as he came up behind his buddies. "And I didn't forget you. There was an emergency. A whole elephant herd slipped on some banana peels. Why can't those monkeys remember to clean up after themselves?!" Pumbaa looked confused. "I thought monkeys never forgot," he said.

"That's elephants," answered Timon, rolling his eyes. "Elephants never forget."





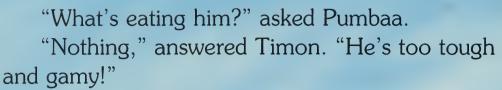




"Oh, Simba! Oh, Simba!" Zazu's voice came drifting up from behind them. "Come quick! One of the cubs has its head stuck in a tree again!"

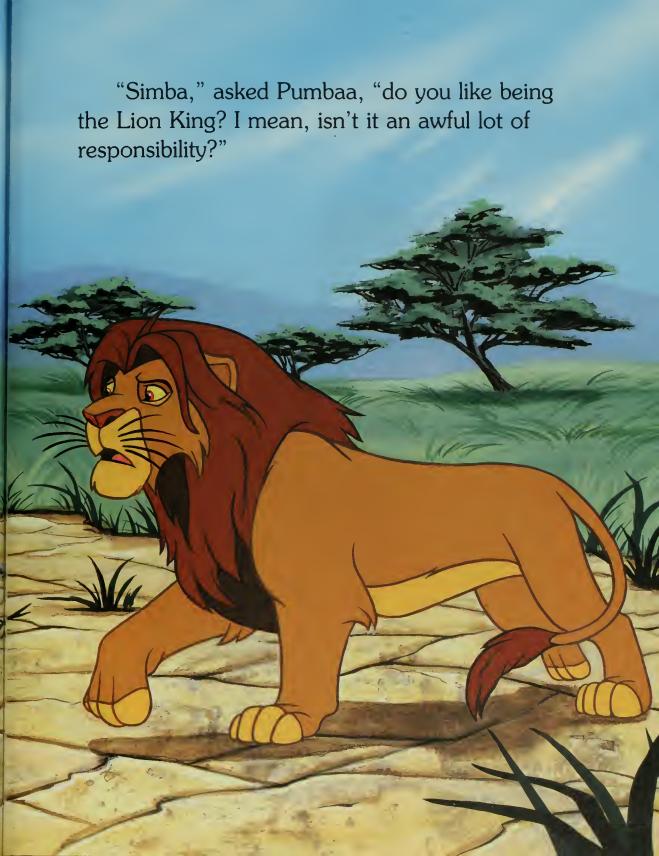
Then the cranky hornbill turned to Timon and Pumbaa. "It's all your fault," he declared. "Teaching the cubs how to hunt for bugs. Disgraceful behavior! Simply disgraceful!"

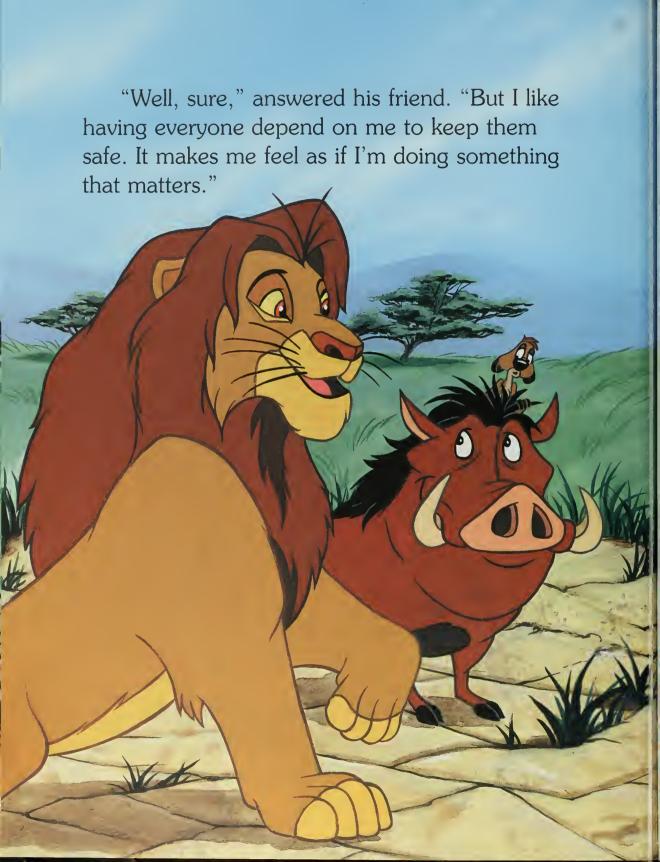




Simba laughed. "Very funny. But seriously, guys, I'm sorry. I've got to go, but I'll catch up with you later."

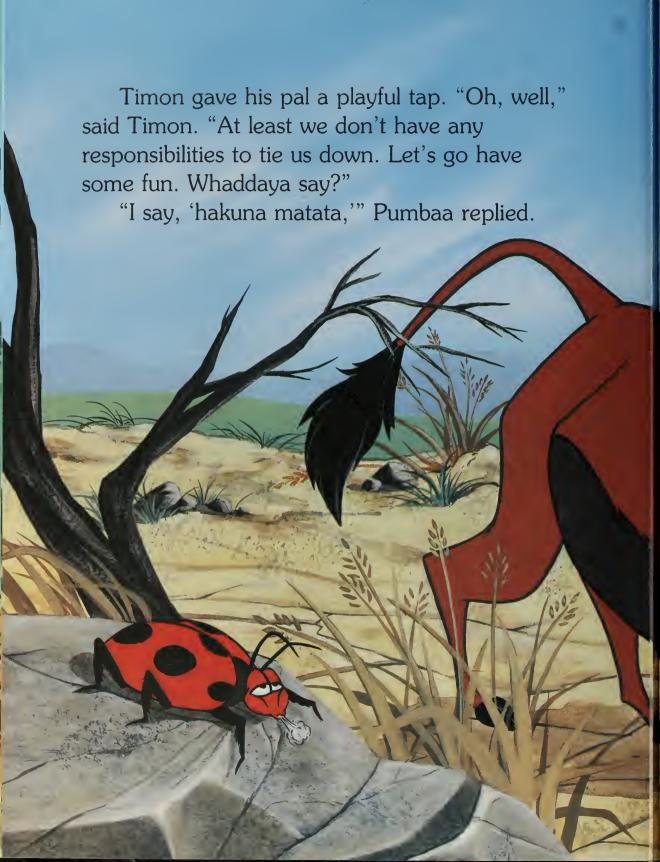


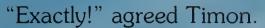




As Pumbaa and Timon watched Simba head off with Zazu, Timon shook his head. "Just listen to him," said Timon in disgust. "Is he a bore or what?" Pumbaa looked confused. "I thought I was the boar," he said.

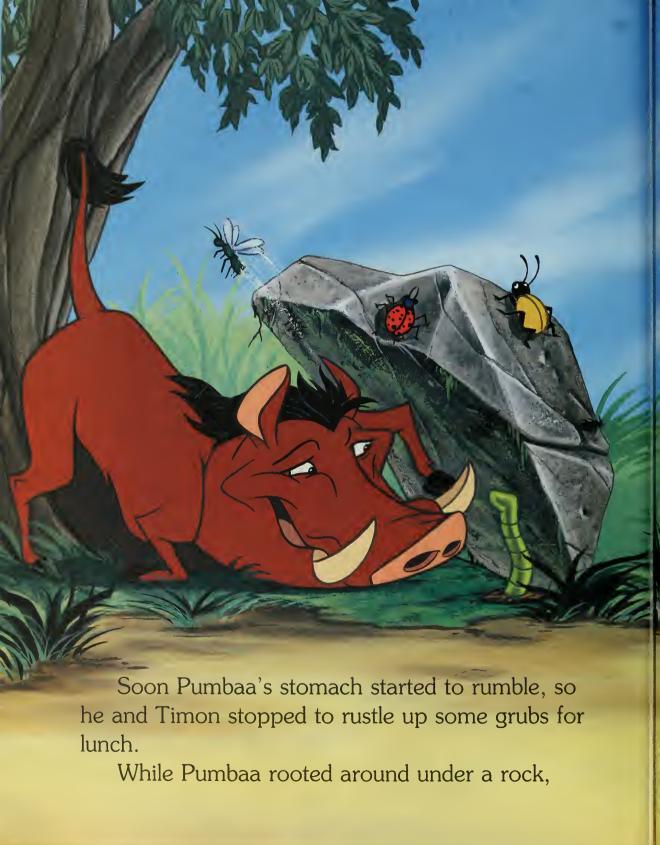






And so the two wandered off into the brush, looking for grubs — and whatever adventure might come their way.







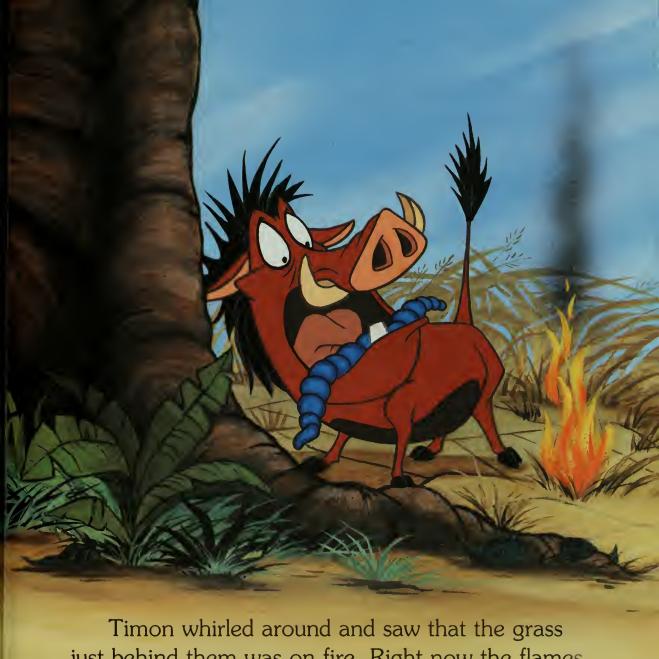
taught the cubs to do.

"Boy, Timon! It sure is hot!" Pumbaa called. "I'm sweatin' like a pig!"



Timon emerged from the tree with a leaf full of colorful insects. "You ain't kiddin'," he told Pumbaa. "I'm on fire!"

The warthog looked up from his bug hunting. "Yikes!" he cried, his eyes opening wide. "If we don't watch it, we both will be!"

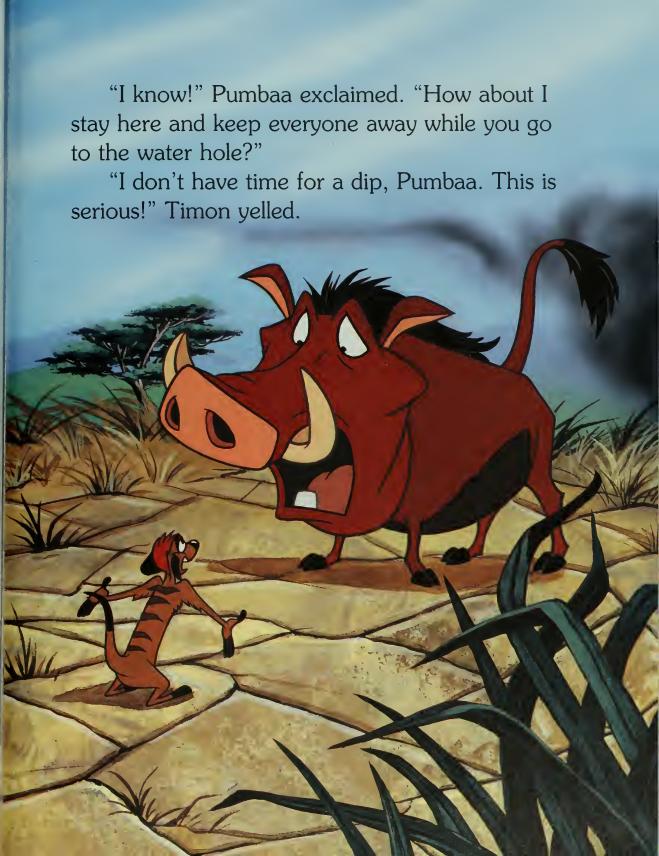


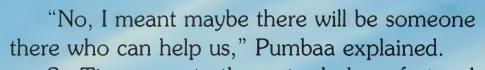
Timon whirled around and saw that the grass just behind them was on fire. Right now the flames were small, but with all the dried brush around them, Timon knew the fire could grow fierce in no time.

"Let's go get Simba!" shouted Pumbaa. "He'll know what to do!"

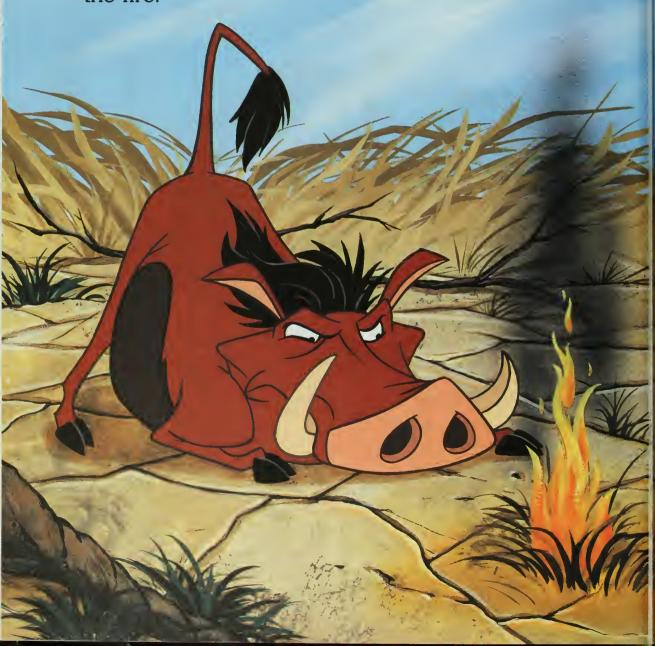
"There's no time for that," Timon declared. "It's up to us. Got any ideas?"







So Timon ran to the water hole as fast as he could while Pumbaa posted himself as guard near the fire.





"Don't worry!" Timon called over his shoulder. "Everything's gonna be all right!" But he wasn't so sure.

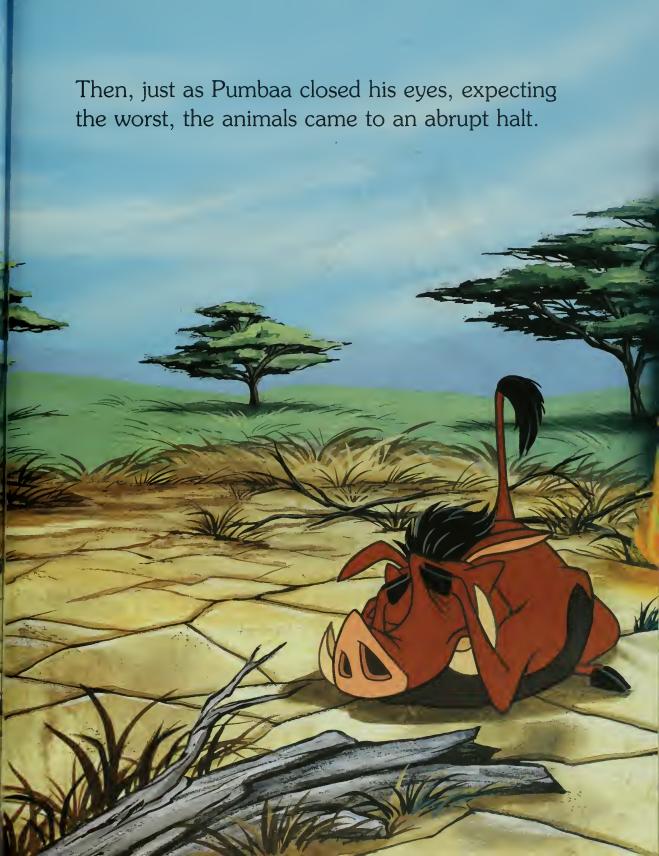


"That must be Timon back with help already! What a relief!" he sighed. But as the shapes got closer, he saw that it wasn't Timon at all. It was a herd of zebras on the move.



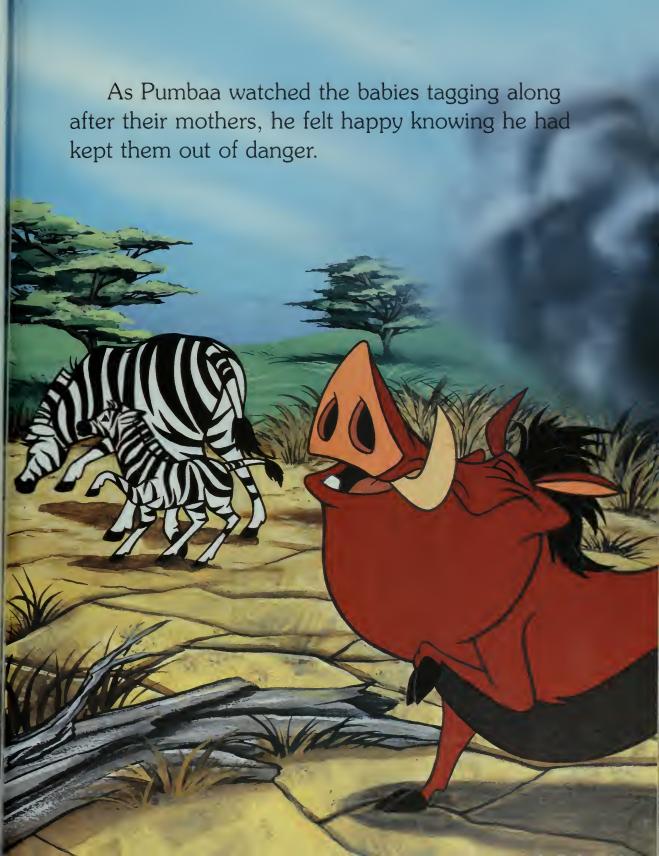
Pumbaa ran toward them, whooping as loudly as he could. But they didn't seem to see him. "Hey! Stop!" he screamed as the herd thundered closer.



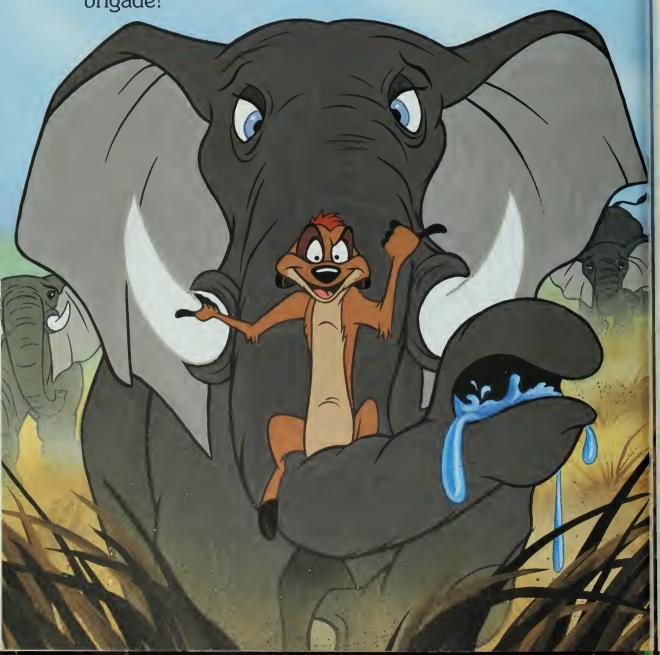




Pumbaa let out a sigh of relief and explained to the zebras about the fire. The leader of the herd was grateful, and quickly led the animals away from the blaze.



Moments later, Timon did arrive — and he was followed by a long line of elephants. "Did I strike it big or what?" Timon called, gesturing toward his pachyderm parade. "Pumbaa, meet the fire brigade!"

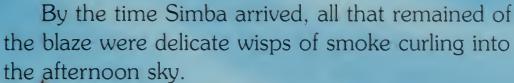




While Timon yelled out directions, the elephants sprayed the fire with water from their trunks. "That's the way! Just a little more and this fire will be history!" Timon told them.

A small elephant approached and blasted Timon with his trunk. "You gotta work on your aim, kid," said Timon, shaking the water from his body.



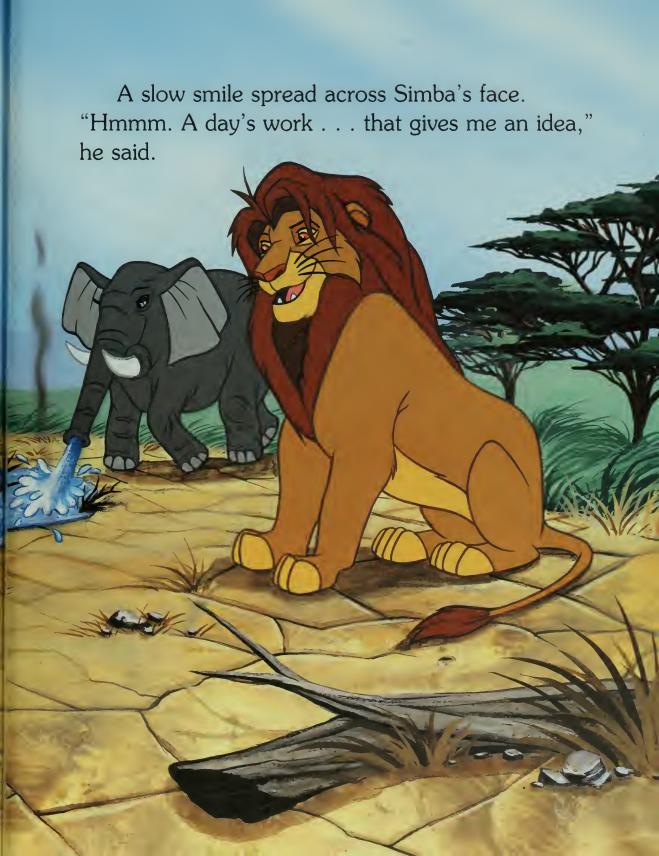


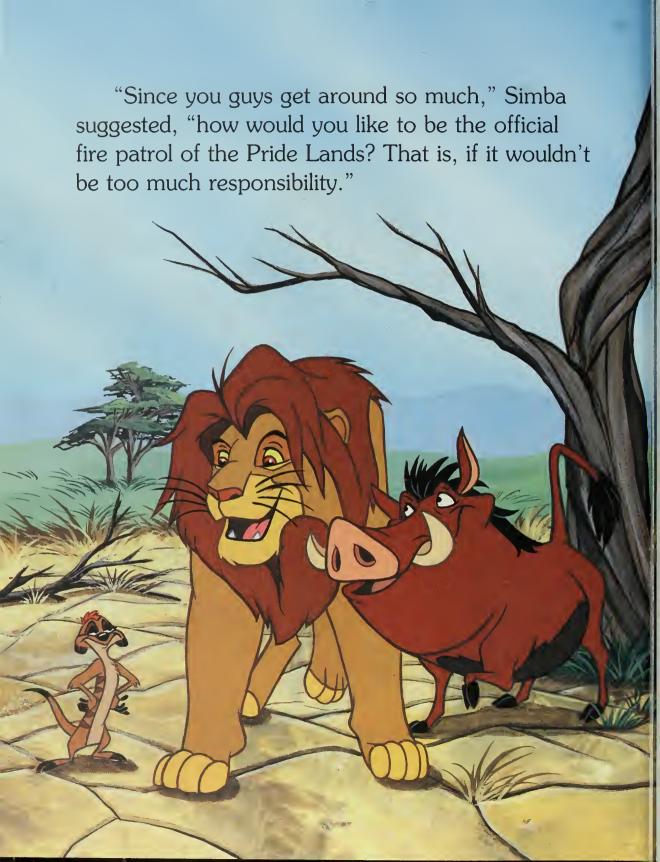


"I came as soon as the zebras told me," said Simba, "but it looks like you two handled things on your own." Pumbaa looked proud, while Timon acted embarrassed.

"Aw, go on! It was nothin', really. So we saved the Pride Lands — it's all in a day's work for me and Pumbaa here," Timon explained.

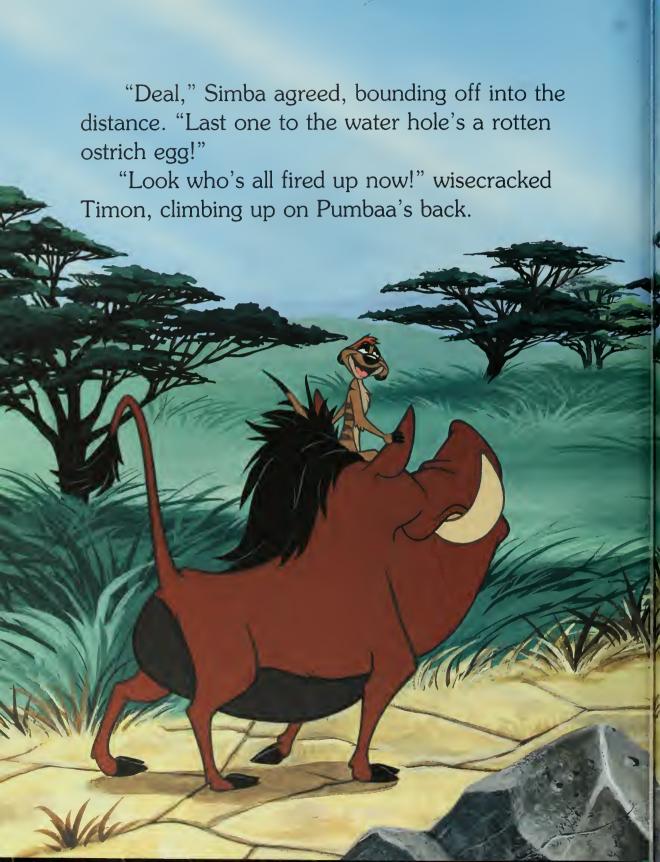


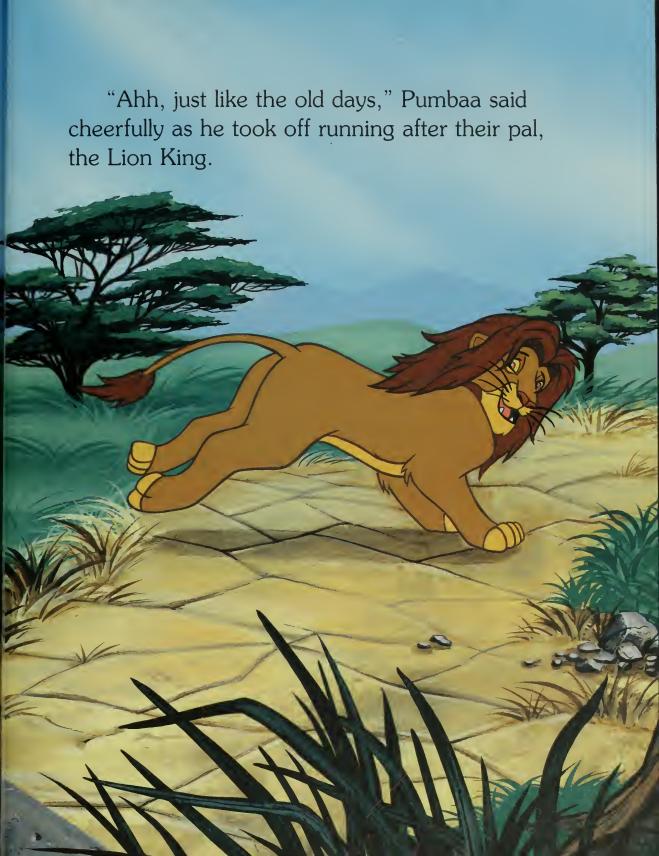


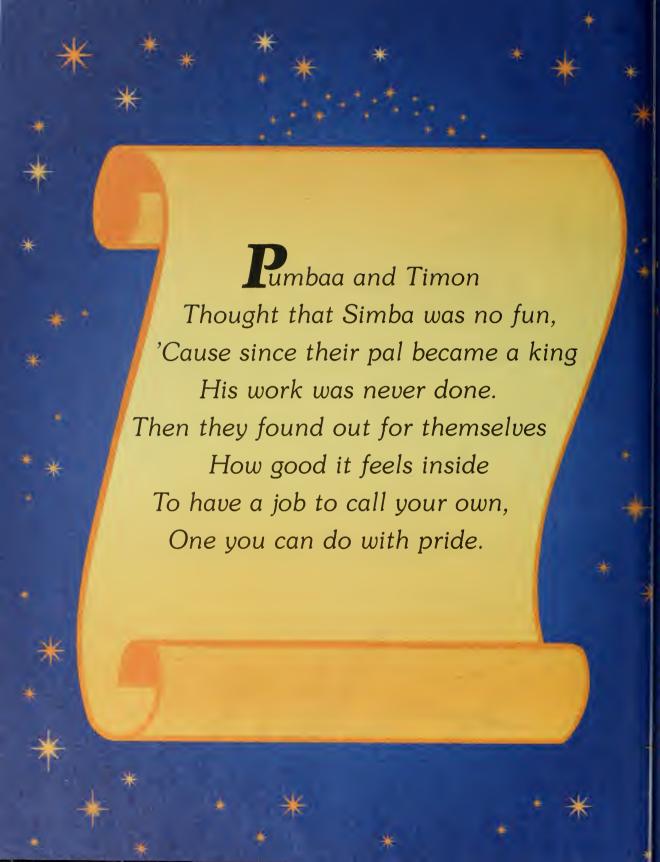




"Okay, here's the deal," Timon replied. "If we're going to start acting responsible, you're gonna have to lighten up a little. Stop and smell the stinkbugs, for Pete's sake! Deal?"















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